The Star of the West incident had caused excitement in South Carolina. Negroes in great numbers, with spades and shovels, were uring into Charleston from all parts of the tate to fortify the harbor against further atmpts to rednforce Sumter. As a matter of act, the shot from Lighthouse Point was the first gun of the rebellion and the first overt set of the four years' struggle that ensued.

mong the great planters who responded to he call for volunteers was Gov. Alken, who head of 700 slaves, every one of whom, it was mid he owned. Each carried a bag of proviions and proper trenching toots. bready come; this was the way the Star of the West incident was spoken of. The idea of war was intensely popular, but the leaders oked to Washington for another policy, and their hope was that peaceful separation would eed so far before Lincoln's Inauguration. ad a feeling favorable to the South would so gly develop in the North, that no back-

and a feeling favorable to the South would so strongly develop in the North, that no backward step would be possible. The Star of the West incident gave the Charleston leaders confidence and an opportunity to develop a sentiment that greatly favored them.

I daily made inquiries concerning the teamer laabel, and openly chafed because of my disappointment in not getting to Cunation of the same time I kept my eyes and ears open. The Pavilion was, as I have said, the head-quarters for the up-country people, and these new came in, responsive to the call for help. On the third or fourth day after my arrival there was a new influx from distant parts of the State that were slow in getting the news. Hen with pistols, shotguns, and all sorts of weapons awarmed through the hotel and the streets of the city. I mixed only as an observer accidentally there would naturally do. I had despatched daily interest, all of which were received and promptly published, and the Tribune was still regularly received in Charleston. The renewal of my correspondance did not fail to attract the attention of Col. thest of the Mercury, as it did that of others. This did not tend to diminish the embarransments of my position. My theory was that the absorbing events would call from their pursuits and habits those whom I met during my first visit. If I was reasonably cautious, I argued, I would escape meeting them, and still now what was going on.

Gradually the exottement diminished. Work on the batteries in the harbor was kept up industriously. Sloops and other craft loaded with stone were sunk in the channels to render it impossible to reach Sumter or the city from the sea. One channel only—the one nearest the shore—was kept open, and this was lined with shore batteries, so as to render its use by hostile ships impossible.

After I had been at the Pavilion about ten After I had been at the Pavilion about ten

the sea. One channel only—the one nearest the shore—was kept open, and this was lined with shore—the horebatteries, so as to render its use by heatile ships impossible.

After I had been at the Pavilion about ten days I determined to move to the Planters' flotel, which was nearer the centre of operations. There would be danger in this, it is true, but there would be benefits. Like the Favilion, the Planters' was not much frequented by the class who made the Kills flouse their headquarters. I made the change one day about the time passengers from the West would be arriving. I registered as William Gordon of Natchez. I was as much a stranger among strangers there as I could wish to be. There was a Canadian from Nisgara Falls at the hotel. He had brought a number of horses to sell, as he had been in the habit of doing for a number of years. Being a foreigner, and finding me not much interested, he did not hesitate to express himself to me. We became well acquainted, and were apparently associated in the horse business, and I was thus enabled to see and hear much that otherwise I should not have seen or known. I showed myself, however, but little in public places. My friend supplied me with considerable information, which I used without exciting suspicion. I told him nothing about myself, and, as he was not inquisitive, everything passed on smoothly. When the week of the races came—a period of absorbing interest there—we went together and bet on different horses.

The clamor against the Tribune and its correspondent was kept up by Khott in the Mercury, the Courier occasionally joining in. How contemptible for the authorities, who are looking for this correspondent, to say that they can whip the Government," said the Mercury one-day. It then comforted itself by concluding that these was no correspondent there is the sea of the sudacious reply that on the very day the Mercury printed it I

were written at home and were not worthy of attention.

To this article I made the audacious reply that on the very day the Mercury printed it I saw Col. Rheet of the Mercury at a certain hour, in a certain place, talking in an excited man new to a number of dizzens; that one of those portain the second of th

correspondent of the Tribune not being in Charleston.
For some time there had been building at one of the ship yards a water battery that was one of the ship yards a water battery that was

ticulars of this craft, the guns with which it was to be armed, who would serve them, and the fact that it would be anchored in a concealed position. I possessed myself with entire accuracy. These particulars I did not give to the Virbune in a letter, but communists of them where they would be of sorvice in Washington, as I did much other information and the secessionists and entered in our son and the secessionists and entered in our son and the secessionists and entered which and the work was kept up on Sullivan's Island, at Moultrie, and elsewhere in the harbor to render Major Anderson's position in Sunter untenable whenever attack should be made. Communication was kent up between Sumter untenable whenever attack should be made. Communication was kent up between Sumter and Washington by apocial messengers, and it no secessionists in an entered the second of a fairs in South Carolina, though Judge McGrath was the leading spirit and controlling mind throughout these early days of the rebellion. I do not propose to relate all that came under my observation during this formative period, but I can say that more than once McGrath's determination and secrety kept operations from lagging. If not share the second of the intentioner days of alarm from rumors of the intentioner days of the requestion of the land.

He could be done days of the days will be day of the land of the la

that I was in need of friendly assistance and be was moved to step forward to do the busi-ness for ms. He himself that very day left Charleston under the pretence of going over the line to inspect it or make repairs, but really to escape. He finally, with no little difficulty, made his way north by way of the

charleston under the pretence of going over the line to inapact it or make repairs, but really to escape. He finally, with no little difficulty, made his way north by way of the field five.

When I returned to my hotel I wrote a letter, or a part of one, to the Ividume, in which I alluded expecially to the straightened condition in which Union men in Charleston found themselves. In due time the money which I sent for came to hand, it gave me a sense of security, though by no means was my way clear. In the next three days there was a culmination of events in a manner not wholly unexpected.

As I was coming from my hotel breakfast the morning after I received the money, a man stepped up to me and said: "You are wanted. Come with me."

"Who are you, and what do you want?" This I asked as mildly and ealmly as possible. "Come with me, and in due time you will know," was the answer.

Without more words we set out for the Mayor's Court. Of course, I was not greatly at loss as to what it meant. But one thing caused me anxiety. That morning I had written a letter to the Tribune, which was then between the leaves of a magazine in one of my side pockets. The writing was in pencil on the thinnest of paper. I thrust my hand into the pocket, and it was but the work of a moment to crumple the letter into a ball. As we came to the corner of Broad and Meeting streets, by a quick movement of the hand is sent it into the opening of a sewer, where it disappeared. This caused me a sensation of relief more easily imagined than described, it was the only proof of my connection with the Tribune, whose letters had given my friend libett and the secession leaders so much trouble, for the writer of which they had so long hunted in vain. Mayor Maebeth apparently expected me. Without preliminaries he asked my name and where I lived. I gave my true name in full, and New York as my place of residence.

Addressing the detective who had brought me, the Mayor said: "Shuboe, take this man to Gov. Pickens." and thither we went, neither of us saying a word. The Governor's headquarters or court was in a building nearly opposite to the Charleston Hotel, where, with his counsellors, seven in number, he was waiting, and it was obvious to me the moment I entered his room that I was the one for whom they were waiting. It was a drum-head court, at which Pickens presided and Magrath was prosecutor—more properly inquisitor-general.

No time was lost in preliminaries. Questions as to my name, residence, and occupation were put to me in quick succession, my answers being taken down. Of course, the difference between the name I gave and the one I had registered at the hotel was noticed by Magrath, and an explanation was demanded.

I said that on the steamer on my way from New York I heard it taiked among passengers that it was better for persons from the North to register lictitously and give a Southern place of residence, because a person registering from the North was liable to be subjected to special scrutiny and perhaps embarrassment. On this I said I injudiciously acted. From subsequent observation I was certain that no one who conducted himself properly need fear to have his identity known in the hospitable city of Charleston. This I stated with a frankness that did not fail, as I thought, to make a favorable impression. Ex-Gov. Gist helped me not a little by turning to Magrath and saying: "Yes, Judge, this has been a good deal the practice among Northerners coming South since our troubles began. It is only a a few days ago that such an instance came to my knowledge."

and saying: "Ies, Judge, this has been a good deal the practice among Northerners coming South slane our troubles began. It is only a a few days ago that such an instance came to my knowledge."

I was truly thankful for this volunteer and disinterested assistance at an embarrassing moment by the ex-Governor, who seemed to be a stupid old fellow. The explanation was accepted and the point dropped. There was, however, no let-up in probing into the object of my visit. I will say here that I had kept in view the possibility of my arrest, and was careful not to do or say anything I could not explain. I told of my visit to Charleston in November and my return to New York to spend the holidays with my family; also of the breaking down of the steamer Isabel, on which I intended to take passage to Cuba. not omitting to refer to the fact that my name would be found registered with the Mordecais, the steamer's agents. Then I demanded to know if I had done anything a gentleman might not do: of what I was accused; by what authority I was held; who were my accusers, and what tribunal that was, intimating at the same time that I had a right to counsel. Judge Magrath was spokesman, and his reply was: "Whatever it becomes necessary for you to know you will be duly informed of. You will answer the questions put to you, that's all."

The Judge proceeded fercely to renew the attack. The questions related solely to my identity. Who was i, and what did I do at home? What brought me to Charleston, and what that had I been doing while here? At the moment when the Judge was pressing his questions bardest I remembered, or appeared to do so, that I had in my pocket certain letters which would better explain who I was than anything I could say, at least they would show I was not a bad man, or likely to do any bad thing. I produced a letter from ex-Gov. Washington Huat of New York, in which he said he had known me for years and took pleasure in asking for me from any friend of his such courtes show to be an interesting piece of news, to Mr

had done, all doubt seemed to vanish.

The members of the council put their heads together and consulted among themselves in low tones. So far there was nothing to show that the least shadow of a suspicion existed as to the true object of my stay in Charleston. It became obvious to me that I was in duress on quite another theory. Shuboe was brought into the consultation, no doubt to impart whatever he knew or suspected.

quite another theory. Shuboe was brought into the consultation, no doubt to impart whatever he knew or suspected.

The letters I had handed Pickens were closely scrutinized, and I heard him say in an undertone, holding up Hunt's letter: "Yes; it is unquestionably genuine. I know the handwriting well." But Magrath was not satisfied. He seemed to be convinced that there was something more about my stay than I had told. He returned to his questioning, but nothing new was developed, either as to the ground for my arrest or my conduct. I stuck close to my original story, and every attempt by Magrath to creak the chain failed.

My examination had continued four hours or more when a messenger hurriedly entered with a verbal communication to Pickens, who, with the others, at once withdrew to a corner. Their manner indicated that something unusual had happened or was about to happen. Returning to their places, though not to their soats. Pickens addressed me to say that it was necessary for them to hand me over to Provest Marsinal General Brown-Mr. Alex V. Brown—a distinguished member of the Charleston bar, as I knew bim to be. "He will continue this examination," said Pickens, "and his report will be conclusive, the same as though we remained." "Picase enter this statement on the min-

bar, as I knew him to be. He will continue this examination," said Pickens, "and his report will be conclusive, the same as though we remained."

"Please enter this statement on the minutos," said i, and it was done.

I was left alone with Shuboe, who is worthy of a more particular mention than has been given him. He was a dark, swarthy man of about 35 years, was solidly built, rather under height, and possessed eminently the quality of solf-command. As Pickens and his counsellors went out he entered the room and took a seat without saying anything, although I recognized him with a pleasant word. He threw his cold eyes upon me, and they made me feel extremely uncomfortable. I tried to give no sign of the disagreeable sensation that came over me, and with some unimportant conservation endesvored to divert the attention that he was giving me. It was of no use. He had only monosyllables and a steady, hard, searching look to bestow on me. He had an unessy, swaying motion, as certain animals are said to have when watching their prey. In half an hour or less Mr. Brown made his appearance. He was a man of large size. With an air of importance he told me in the fewest words that he had read what I had said in answer to Judge Magrath's questions, and otherwise understood the case. If I had anything in particular to say before going shead he understood the case, for I did not, and I had been thinking I ought to have counsel, mentioning Mr. Pettigru. But I at once added that if I was to deal with him, and his report or decision concerning me was to be final, I would not seek counsel, for—and this I added deferentially—I had learned that no one need he sitate about trusting himself in the hands of a Carolinian of the standing for intelligence, justice, and good judgment that I knew him to have.

a Carolinian of the standing for intelligence, justice, and good judgment that I knew him to have.

The thing worked. Mr. Brown was "touched on the soft bone," so to speak. He rose, and in an impressive manner assured me that I judged him correctly, and he especially assured me also that his decision would prevail in any course he might take. He then resumed his seat with an air of immense consecuence. I was amused and quite confident that Mr. Brown and myself would gat along well.

Shuboe then withdrew, and Mr. Brown proceeded. His questions followed the path pursued by Judge Magrath, and my answers did not vary. I could not object to the spirit of the proceeding. At the end of an hour I ventured over to him, and expressed my curiosity as to what the proceeding meant anyhow. As to myself, he said, that was further on. I had been handed over to him because there was an alarm in the city from reports that the frigate Brooklyn and a number of Government vessels were off the harbor, and a bombardment of the city was expected.

There had been almost dally alarms of this sort for some time past, and I understood the explanation. It was about the dining hour-for Mr.—and Mr. Brown, remarking that he did not see that he would be able to develop anything new, concluded to go adross the

street to the Charleston Rotel and dine. He said on his return he would report to Pickens, who with Magrath and the rest would have roturned. The Provest Marshal-General was in a kindly frame of mind-quile as I could have wished to have him. How it would be when he had dined, when the wine was It and wits out, perhaps I was not certain. Great changes are sometimes wought I mean the changes are sometimes wought in Brown dring, rote an instance of the kind. However, I could not help myself.

The detective was ordered in and instructed to bring me something to eat if I should wish him to do so, and Mr. Brown departed. Shuboe threw his eyes upon me as before and said nothing. I found a book and bagan reading it—at least seemed to be doing so. In reality, however, my mind was bus feet that nothing to fine the part I had been playing in Charleston. Of what then, was I suspected? Should seek information from Shuboe? There was no probability of obtaining it, and so I awaited Brown's return. The detective's scrutinizing eye and manner made me all the while extremely uncomfortable. If the fellow would any something or look somewhere as early of looked anywhere but directly into my face and open, and am certain how it will be."

It was near dark when I saw Brown general and eyes, as much as to say: "I know my customer, and am certain how it will be."

It was near dark when I saw Brown coming from the hotel with a flushed face and brusque manner. It was a considerable time before he made his aspectance in the room, and when he did he was excited and only lously displeased at something. He said "they," manner the head he had he would neake no more of the case than they had done. "They think I should so over the ground again," said he, and he he did power he ground again," said he, and he did go over the ground again," said he, and he did go over the ground again, which we were alone together. Brown was absent fully an hour, at least s

HIT.

While the detective was absent Brown became communicative. He said, in answer to some questions by me, that these were troublous day in Charleston, that there were but few strangers left in the city, and that my presence had for some timescaused remark. I ventured to reply that an invitation to leave would have been sufficient, and that I felt like demanding what these proceedings meant. Brown shrugged his shoulders and smiled, saying: "We will not talk about the matter further. All is well that ends well." Pausing, he added. "The time has come, here, when we must know who is who." After another pause he said: "You must have seen that dangerous characters are here. For instance, the New York Tribune has for months had a correspondent here despite every effort to find him.

"Thave seen it mentioned in the local papers and heard it talked about." I replied. Such a thing, I said, would be in accord with the enterprise of New York papers, as I had understood them. Upon this Mr. Brown said suddenly: "Do you think he is here:" I said I was not able to judge about this particular case, but nothing was more probable than that such a correspondent should be right there among them at times and in places least suspected—"right under your nose." I added.

I intimated that it was not impossible, when I reached New York, that I might do something in return for the kindness Mr. Brown had shown to me. Of course the Provost-Marshal General would be greatly obliged for anything that would enable him to find the Tribune correspondent. He gave me his card to assist me in my friendly intention.

It was nour II o'clock, and Brown called Shuboo in, and in a low tone had a conversation with him. Then in louder tones he informed me that he had given Shuhos instructions how to proceed. He will have the hotal coach call at the door and you will be taken to the station. He will go along also. You understand, don't you, Shuhos?

"Yes, I understand, Sandy, and will obey your order, but if you have been fooled I've not been."

"Yes, I understand, Sandy, and will obey your order, but if you have been fooled I've not been."

Brown in Charloston was familiarly known as "Sandy Brown." hence the detective's phraseology. The lawyer, with an air of triendship, bade me good-by, and after reminoing me of my intention to assist him in discovering the correspondent, departed. Shuboe said to me: "I have piped you six weeks," and he added something about my being one of "oid Scott's men," implying, as I understood that I was suspected of belonging to the army or of being a siy employed by Gen. Scott. I laughed at the engagestion. "It is all over now," said the detective; "there is no use talking. I know that you have for weeks heen employed in doing some particular work here, and I will eav you have borne yourself remarkably well. If you have borne yourself remarkably well, and I want you to know it."

At the appointed time the coach of the hotel was at the door. Shuboe mounted into the drivers sent and I took a scat inside with two others. When we reached the station a considerable number of persons had been drawn there from the notoriety of my arrest. Shuboe incomed from the box and went to the platform without noticing me. Seeing him there I greeted him as an oid acquaintance, and we shook hands cordially. After buying my ticket for Washington I rejoined the detective on the platform. It would be ten nimites before the train would leave. I lit a cigar an i offered one to my friend, the detective, who took it with an expression of vexalion, which only feebly described my own feelings. In the mean time the numbers in and about the station increase? I felt that I was a renter spondent? Finally the train came rumbiling in, and nothing was so welcome to my ear as the conductor's "All aboard." It was an early hour in the morning when we reached Florence. I was made aware here that since I left Charleston I had been under surveillance.

Seizing me by the arm, a stranger said: "You will get breakfast here, and then uroceed by the Northern train, which

the Northern train, which is over there."

Here my narrative naturally ends. I did proceed by the aforesaid train, and in due time reached Washington. It was past the hour of midelight. Among the first persons I met was the Hon. George Briggs, Representative in Congress, and an old acquaintance and friend. It was with some difficulty I made him believe that I had just come from Charleston, and was really the correspondent whose letters he, with others, had been reading in the Tribme. He at once took me in a carriage to Gen. Scott's house, where I was ushered into the General's presence in his own chamber. Briggs told him who I was. "Then you are direct from Charleston, are you: and you wrote those letters in the Tribme, did you? I answered a few other questions, and the General gave directions to "Stop Hail." This referred to Lieut hail of the army, who was to leave in the morning, a special messenger to Major Anicaron. My answers to Scott's aquestions, and what I volunteered to say, imparted important information. "Report at the War Department in the morning, sir," said the General, and I took my leave with Briggs.

In the morning I was on hand promptly as requested, tion. Scott and a number of others were there, among them Montgomery Hair. The question of relieving Sumter was discussed. I was able to explode several plans, all of which contemplated approaching the fort by water with vessels of different kinds. I told them of the impediments, of the stone fleet that had been sunk, and I produced a coast survey map with the water and gun batteries located thereon. Scott and a histories located thereon. Scott and approaching the fort by water with vessels of different kinds. I told them of the impediments, of the stone fleet that had been sunk, and I produced a coast survey map with the water and gun batteries located thereon. Scott and approaching the societies of the stone fleet that had been sunk, and I produced a coast survey map with the water and gun batteries located thereon. Scott and approaching his ban

C. D. BRIGHAM

MARKET SCENES IN PARIS. THE GREAT CENTRAL MART WHERE

THE SUN, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1893

its Wares, Prices, Methods, Tips, close, and Inspections-Types of People Who Come to This Vast Sching Piace, Whose Features Zola's Novel Describes.

THE CITY BUYS ITS FOOD.

Pants, Aug. 10.-The Halles Centrales, as they are called, consist of a vast iron structure situated in the centre of Paris, a few squares from the river on the north side. The streets around form an open square; other streets continue their course through it. Technically It contains ten great pavilions, to say nothing of the cellars. Practically it is a series of covered streets and cross streets, where one wanders from the cabbage market to the department of cheeses and from the tripe market to the fruits and flowers. Its actual divisions are as follows: Poultry and game, meat, fish, butter, eggs, and cheese, vegetables, fruits, and flowers.

As to the selling, it is both wholesale and

retail. Before 9 A. M. it is a hourse for the provisioning of Paris, where not only retail dealers come to get their wares, but even exporting houses must find those primeurs which their distant customers demand. Thus the first peaches are usually bought up for Russia, often at a dollar and a half apiece. This example of peaches for Russia, when coupled with the information that the mass of them from January to May are not grown in France at all, but in the extensive hothouses outside of Brussels, will Indicate what manner of market this place is.

Flower stands welcome you along the streets before you reach the market, of which they are the promise and the sign. They share this office of harbinger with the host of returning servant maids, flower-faced bonnes of opulent contours, whose stiff-starched skirts crackle melodiously to the healthy swing of their



sturdy limbs. They are coiffed in spotless muslin: their skirts are draped in voluminous white aprons: they bear their purchases in coquettish backets and the commissions they have extorted from the market people in cold

cash in their pockets.

This practice of giving commissions to servants on all they buy for their masters' tables strikes a keynote of Parisian habit. Nothing is done for nothing, though all picking and extortion must be done according to the time-honored customs. The benne will do her best honored customs. The bonne will do her best to market for her mistress and fight vigorously with the ladies of the Halles about the prices; only, after the money is paid and the goods are delivered in her basket she coolly asks for her commission, about which there is no fight at all. What the bonne does for her mistress, the mistress, if she be a boarding-house keeper, does for her guests. No matter how much she may wish to keep you contented in her establishment, she will blackmail your washerwoman into giving her a commission on your weekly laundry bill. So it is, also, with the municipality of Paria, which forces strangers to hel 'pay taxes, by means of city customs on every bunch of radishes. So it is also with the rotall sellers of meat in this great market, who, though you should buy \$5 worth of roast



from them, would not give you a soup bone without an extra 5-cent piece. So it is in the enclosed space of the poultry market, from which no purchaser is allowed to take out anything for himself. If it be only a hare or a dozen larks, they must be given to a "strong man" to carry to the street at a regulation charge of 2 cents. So it is in the division of the butter market. Around the tables where butter is sold the floor is kept strewn with clean straw. This is to receive the dails of butter which intending purchasers have tasted on the ends of butter testing skewers and then thrown down. The straw is gathered up carefully twice a day by the porter's bove, whose perquisite it is; and they get from it enough butter to bring them in 800 france a month. As a result of these minute pickings and savings everybody is cheerful, everybody profits, everybody is handling ready money. Of the 60,000 persons who are said to have some connection or other with this great market, from the municipal inspector of meats to the licensed factors who carries home your basket, there is scarce one who does not get some little whack outside his regulation pay. Therefore the Halles afford a unique theatre



for the display of French good nature at its best, when Frenchmen are in the act of gain-

for the display of French good nature at its best, when Frenchmen are in the act of gaining centimes.

That it is almost impossible to hang about the Halles and not participate, in some degree, it this reign of plents modified by economy is well known to Parisian poor devile indures well known to Parisian poor devile indured if the industry in the unlicensed if the control to the law concerning hotels, haunt this square around the Halles. The wholesale auctioning, which goes on from 11 P. M. to S. A. M., they find a cause of diversion and an occasion to pick up sundry fruits to eat and perhaps a few coins at the hands of generous peasants who have made their market and are about departing in their wagons for the country. Later on they are almost sure to gain stray sous from the ladies who come all gay and lusty in the morning with their servants and perhaps their children to cheapen flowers and fruit and meat and fish.

A harlequin, it will be remembered, is a character in old pantomime distinguished by a costume of mixed and variegated colors. At the Halles a "harlequin" is a plate of broken victuals whose strange mixture, perhaps of fish, salad, sweet pastry, and pickles, has given it the name. Petty traffickers make a business of collecting such cooked scraps from hotels, restaurants, and private houses; and their sale throughout the poorer sections of the city corresponds very closely to the "function shop," not unknown to Eastern cities in America. Twelve stalls for the sale of these harlequins are nhilanthropically permitted by the municipality in one corner of this great rich-looking market. Their proprietors have a semi-official position: their scraps are known to be cleaner and more judiciously se-

lected than those in ruder resorts; so that even the shabby-ganteel poor and even dead-broke students of the university do not diadain them. Soven cents will fill a man up for the day and give him leaway for a bowl of soup to wash the dainties down. Then the student goes off to his studies, and the "poor devil" betakes himself again to the lodging house to finish his interrupted sleep, for which no extra charge is made him.

To the habitual feeder in Boulevard middle-class restaurants, who pays 12 cents for a diminutive plum tart and 20 cents for a stuffed tomato, to this Wandering Jew of menus, this swimmer in sauces, this tourist of strange stows and twice-cooked morsels who, ever seeking, ever rejecting, reams further and further from the peace of plain cooking into more and more barren occasions of sorrows, hurried, as it were, by the just of truffles over the precipice of desire to seek into the abyss of actual innutrition—to such a one the Paris



Central Market in all its hours and parts and ways comes as with a thrill of new-born interest. Here, inside and outside of this fresh-smelling and bright monster building, more like a series of exposition halls than a meze place of trade, he finds in all their green virginity those dainties which he had known heretolore on silver-plated platters, shrunken, bedizened, padded, spiced up, and made, if possible, more desirable, like the beauty of a great Lady, by art and mystery and expense. There are those who have never tasted sweet pumpkin soup without tasting at the same time the pangs of regret because its price is eighteen cents. An artichoke, whose price is two cents here, comes to you at the restaurant with a white sauce at fourteen cents; and apricot peaches, which the restaurateur would have you believe as valuable as jewelry. Fou are shocked to find are more plentiful than black-borries, in which latter, to be exact, the markets of Europe do not abound.

The absence in the French cuisine of certain vegetables known by Americans—sweet potatoes, Bermuda enions, Lima beans, and sweet corn—and their substitution by such stewed messes as red sorrel, chicory, thisties, and carrots, turn the altention to this department. Almost everything is sold by the pound which is not sold by the peec or bunch.

String beans are retailed by the pound at 5 cents; new potatoes, 2 to 3 cents; tomatoes, 4 cents; new potatoes, 5 cents; chicory, 4 cents; serrel.



You have large fine apples (first of the season) at it cents each; their color is a tender apple-green, with a bright red patch. The name is the Grand Alexandro, and each one is as big as your two lists. Selected red-heart cherries, vary large, are 50 cents for a basket containing a quart and a pini. Wood strawberries of only fair condition are 30 cents for a basket containing less than a quart, and fine reab-apples, called "cherry-apples," are 1 cent each. Mirabelle plums, though not as fine as our own reliow gages, and smaller, are a sweetly aromatic and delicately tender fruit. Six of them cooked in a Paristan crust present an admirable tart—such a fart as you never see at bearing houses, which in both patisserie and restaurant stands firm at 12 cents, never less. Cut in four places it 18 just enough for four mouthfuls. Now in this



market the mirabelles are only 4 cents a pound Melons, Insclous beyond all words and as large as primpkins, are cheap at 50 cents apiece. Just now it begins to be the sension of grapes, both white and black. All grapes here are of the kind which we call hot-house grapes or California grapes—with a close skin. They range in price from 5 cents to Scents a pound. Green air onds are 7 cents a pound. Green air onds are 7 cents a pound. Green air onds are 7 cents a pound. Green seems a yound—the large and niley pears for which Prance is so famous are scarcely in the market yet and are consequently dear.

The prices of these fruits refer to the best average of their kind, fresh and fracrant, in the market, in many a pushcart on the Paris streets, you run across one every block, you have fruit, perhaps a triffe shopworn or lacking in the best flavor, at largains better than the market gives you. The Paris Central Warket is, emphatically, a place for the sale of the best things of their kind. Even now, in mid-August, decidedly the morfe salson when everybody who has neview to spend and can possibly get away is out of fown, and when the great mass of delients living Parisians are addly replaced by a net loo full tide of tourists, whose eye- are, in truth, more exacting than their stomachs, the fruit and vegetable and flower department of the halles Centrales still maintain their and flowers. For with characteristic Parisan nerversity, they cannot resist the temptation of maxing much where there was little. The hothouse system, in usathetica morals and juanners, is a characteristic ingredient of Parisian charm. In restaurants there seems to be a conspiracy, shared in even by the victires, to suppress the fact of fruit in pleateous summer; or, if it be admitted, to make amends by a facit understaurant there seems to be a conspiracy, shared in even by the victires to suppress the fact of fruit in pleateous summer; or, if it be admitted to make amends by a facit understaurant there seems to be a conspiracy, shared in even by

this is almost as true with respect to fish. We do not have those two splandid fish, the surbot safe the sole, but we have the shad to make up for one and a hundred varieties to take the other's place. Shad is soldom seen in Paris, and, under the name of close and broiled in cross slices after the manner of salmon or halibut, it awakens no great entusiasm in the breasts of Frenchmen. The Portuguese have a way of baking a chief whole with a suffing inside; and at the Hodal Braganna at Lisbon, one of the best hotels in Europe, and comparable only to the Sacher of Vienne, they have learned to do planked shad, under the instructions of Gen. George Balchelfer, the late American Minister thers. Here in the Halles Contrales, after the turbot and the sole, the great fish are salmon from Norway at 50 cents a pound, salmon trout at a della; each, and an infinite profusion of lobsters language) at as high as a dollar and twenty sents a pound; with shrimps beyond all believing. There are young cels, as large as minnows, for the "friture," at 20 cents a pound; soles range from 2 cents each to 46 cents a pound; soles range from 2 cents each to 46 cents a pound; the view, a sprawling personage of the appearance of a flounder, is the cheap hotel's stand-by, with, for a close favorite, a mythological-looking denizen of the deep sea called the grandin, or "grunter," lecalise of the sound the fish emits in certain circumstances." It has a large head and at rough, bony skin, coarse fiesh, and a terrifying aspect as it is sometimes served, head and all. Mussels, which bear the same relation to the missrable French oyear, as a clams do to our own, cost 5 cents a quarty sea cel, as large as a boa, is 20 cents a quarty sea cel, as large as a boa, is 20 cents a quarty sea cel, as large as a boa, is 20 cents a quarty sea cel, as large as a boa, is 20 cents a quarty sea cel, as large as a boa, is 20 cents a quarty sea cel, as large as a boa, is 20 cents a quarty sea cel, as large as a boa, is 20 cents a quarty sea cel, as large as a boa,

111.

Fish suggests inspection, and inspection runs rife in the Paria Central Larket. In the fish department the inspectors are not content with going their rounds in the e. 14 merning; you often see uniformed prowlers, woking not a little as if they needed sanitary h spection in their own persons, watking here sa d there in the cool fish department, cheerful with its thousand tanks of running water. Zola, a his "Ventre de Paris" (The Belly of Paris), which deals exclusively with the life around the market, has for his hero Florent, an inspector of fish, and at a critical moment in his story a scene almost amounting to revolt against the rigors of inspection, which has far-reaching consequences. Approaching the stall of La Belle Normande, a beautiful fishwoman, he smells an intolerable stench.

"There on the marble counter is a superb salmon, opened and showing the reseate whiteness of its flesh; there are turbots, creamy white, conger cels—and in the midst of all these fishes with living eyes, whose gills are still bleeding, there sprends out an im-



mense raie, reddish, marbled with dark stains, magnificent in its strange tones of color. The great raie is rotten; its tail falls from it; the bones of its fins pierce through the skin."

The bad fish had been put there in the hope of raising a disturbance with the inspector.

"Florent understood. The other fishwomen sneered. He felt around him a dull revoit which waited but a word to break out. He held himself in, and, taking the offal bucket from under the stall, threw the raie into it himself. He walked off with a severe air (and with the bucket in his hand) feigning not to understand."

from under the stall, threw the rate into it himself. He walked off with a severe air (and with the bucket in his hand) feigning not to understand."

These inspectors play a great part in the Central Market; and they are of many ranks, from the high chemist of the municipal laboratory at the appet of the pyramid, to such detective-spies as the unfortunate Florent. For instance, samides are taken each morning of every pat of butter mixed with margine or other grease is severely punished. However, those dealers who wish to sell mixed butters may do so on condition that they put up a large sign announcing it. In the wholesale meat department the cutters, work from 11 tion of the difficulties begins, armed with microscopes who wish to sell mixed butters may do so on condition that they put up a large sign announcing it. In the wholesale meat department. To preven only pat of an asimal bed with microscope and of one necessary instruments. To preven any pat of an asimal bed with microscopes and of the carcass to see the cutters. To preven any pat of an asimal bed unbeathful to one of the carcas is declared unhealthurship in the carc



The average yearly seizure of condemned meat in this market is 400,000 pounds; of sail fish, 400,000 pounds; of fresh fish, 14,000 pounds, with 15,000 to 20,000 crabs, and more than 120,000 snalls.

Meat is always dear. Very ordinary ham is 20 cents a pound, fresh bork chops, 20 cents; mutton chops, 30 cents; rump steak, "as 1 ongh as a bicycle," meaning of course, toughed than horse meat, a well-known diet, is 28 cents; breast of veal is 17 cents, and veal cheps are 24 cents. The hardest thing to get in Faris is really good roast beef. At Vivier's Munich beer output, opposite the Olympia on the Grand Boulevard, three orders of cold roast beef, three half-litres of Bavarian beer and on e salad of vegetables foots up \$1.40. At ordinary restaurants there is no good roast beef. Haverywhere it is high priced and ill understood, in which the insincerity of French feeding is made manifest. The Parisians prefer it with a sauce stuffed with rolls of fat and pieces of chopped garlin.

In the wholesale meat market the personality of the "forts" or "strong men" is almost theatically dominant. There are many of them, and they positions are gained after examination. To become a tort one has to make a trial of lifting a case that weighs 400 pounds, taking it into the cellar and bringing it up again. These pic utes up men are in charge of the halves and quarters of beef and other carcasses; they are responsible for all disampoarances and non-vayments; and it is their duty, by which they gain their pay, to carry all purchases out of the wholesale enclosures to



the street, for each trip gaining a lexal fee of two cents. Even it you are a large dealer and have your own wapens and porters waiting, you must nevertheless employ the fords. The great trouble in the wholessie meat and poultry departments has always come from cats, which multiply with incredible prodigative in the sevening and it is always at task for the fords to keep their heads it in being nipred off between the bars by these bloodthirsty cats. They have dogs trained to chase them, one was so successfully trained that he never brought down less than eighty cats a month, and was thus a greater source of wealth to the strong man than his very attangth itself. For you can always sell newly-killed cats in Paris. This particular strong man that facilities for producing rabbit head; a rabbit head to maion each eat, they say Nov, when rabbit stew comes on in cheap restaurants the test is the presence of the head; the heads were always presence of the head; the heads were always present in the slews of this restaurant where our for soid his estaund a good sauce of white who said on the strong market must be decomplete and sketchy—butter ranges at the present time from 25 to 50 cents a pound. Of cheeses I will give but a few mannes and their im-

portance in the Paris scheme of feeding, a residence among the people is essential; mere words cannot express the cheesiness of Paris, Grurère (which rhymes so universally with mon frers in enfe-concert songs) is 22 cents a peund; Pont l'Eveque, 15 cents; Itoliand, in red balls, 22 cents. You have the best Bile at 80 cents for a disk weighing three and a half



pounds, and white Burgundy cheese, a plees as hig as your head, for a quarter of a dollar, and, to close the tale of prices, eggs are 24 cents a dozen, and the chickens which lay them cost 30 cents apiece.

Above all, the Kalles Centrales are a place for wholesale trading. How the thousands of wagons come into Paris in the night, wagons loaded dawn with every species of meat and vegetables, their drivers sleeping, their horses picking their own way in a slowly moving string; how the police stand guard around the flaming open square at midnight; how the authorities grant each peasant cart its placet how the ortion duties are computed, the in-



spection begins, and then the auction sales, the intriguer, the schemes, and jealousies of a highly organized state of society and a moving picture of this great disorder in the night, out of which comes evier and trained action—all of this, with the living personalities of those who figure in it, must be sought for in the patient book of Zola, himself a more minute inspector than any doctor with a microscope. From La Belle Normande whose earlings he describes, to old Mêre Hehudin, with her rough sarcasms and fishwife slang, and from the exact tint of the blood of an expiring pigeon to the exact perfumes that exhale from high-class customers, there is nothing missing.

Sterling Hernia.

OMEN OF THE YELLOW FLAGEOLET, Woe to the Play Whose First Night 14ces

that Instrument in the Orchestra-A.c. ors Faith in Hoodoos, Mascots, and Spir be, "That play can never succeed," said an obltime manager, in an up-town cafe, several nights ago. "It is a pity, too, for it's a good play and a good company. I wish that I had not seen the dress robearsal."
"You're getting old, Colonel, and you only see success in the past," said a leading man.

"That is where you are wrong," replied the manager. "I know a good thing when I see it, and this play is a good thing, but it began with a hoodoo, and it will surely fail."

"Hoodoos are tommyrot! There is no such thing as a hoodoo that can harm any play." Around the table were half a dozen actors and men interested in theatrical affairs. Few men in New York know more about the history of the American stage for the past few years than the manager who spoke. Booth, Jefferson, Barsett, and Irving have all claimed him as their friend, and his reminiscences of the stage make him the centre figure in any

after-the-play gat he ring of actors. "Now. Colonel," said the leading man when the glasses had been fliled. "you were talking about hoodoos on the stage. I don't believe in them. When a play is a failure it is easy

to explain it by saying it tad a hoodoo." "Well," said the Colonel, "actors the world over are a superstitious lot. Even Henry Irving brought his horseshoe for this country when he first came here. I didn't believe in hoodoos and that sort of thing when I was young. I don't like to accept thent now, but I

am forced to by experience.

"Have you ever known the yellow flage-let to fall in wrecking a play? Now, you laugh at that. I think that, as a rule, there is no harm in a yellow flageolet in itself, but there is a peculiar fatality in the circumstances that bring it into a theatre orchestra at a dress rehearsal or on an opening night. There was a yellow flageolet in the orchestra to-day, and Yes, that's right; laugh if you will, but my experience is a long one, and I think I am a sane man. Any old manager in this country will tell you that a yellow flageolet is sure to wreck any company. Circus men won't have them in their bands. I could tell you many incidents to illustrate what I say. Perhaps you remember that when. The Judice Partner was good to be a success. Everthing pointed that who the first opened with a yellow flageolet in the orchestra and then Mrs. Menke Rankin's troubles began. That is a fact. I have known stage managers and sensible men too, who would refuse to ring up the curtain until the yellow flageolet was driven out of the orchestra. "That is just as absurd," said the light comody man, as the cheese that the Italian ballet girls in the Crystal Slipper kept in their does not not be stage or near the dressing rooms. I know the effect of that machine growth of Hunters Foint and the gas-house district. Couldn't persuade those girls to throw away this cheese. They believed that along assument. The cheese had been given to them in Italy to proceet them from harm. Each girl had a small piece of it, loud cheese it was too, rolled up in narow took it for the Lag and the cheese had been given to them. In Italy to proceet them from harm. Each girl had a small piece of it, loud cheese it was too, rolled up in narow took it for the Lag and the complex of protection they took it for the Lag and the complex of protection they come to the complex of t